Mormon converts are more plentiful than for five years past, but the double-wife business in Utah is, asserts the Detroit *Free Press*, played out forever.

Mr. Griffin, the English statistician, has concluded an exhaustive report on the progress of the sugar trade. Between 1853-5 and 1886-7 the production of cane sugar increased from 1,233,000 tons to 2,754,000 tons annually, beet sugar increasing during the same period from 190,000 to 2,433,000 tons. The total increase of all kinds during the period named was 3,764,000 tons. Of this vast quantity the United States takes 1,500,000 tons, or 29 per cent. and the United Kingdom 1,100,000 tons, or 21 per cent. These two countries consume half the world's production. All the European continental countries take but 36 per cent. of the whole; the rest of the world, exclusive of England and America, take but 14 per cent. The consumption of Great Britain and Ireland is 73 pounds a head of the population, the largest per capita in the world. The price of raw sugar has fallen enormously of late years.

The New York *Journal of Commerce*, which favors industrial schools, says of those institutions: "They might well be founded and conducted at the expense of the several trades. It would pay enormously to the trades if they had schools in which girls and boys were educated for the labor in those trades. The regular course to the door of any industry, any workshop, would be through a school. The result of such a system would be a constant supply of skilled workmen, any one of whom at the age of eighteen would earn higher wages for himself and more profit for his employer than is now earned by the average workman of forty. Industrial education instead of the present diffuse, inapplicable and useless sort of education would thus be a blessing to the laborers and the laboring classes first, to the capitalists and employers next, and so to the whole community. And the laborer who had been educated to his trade and had pursued it conscientiously would be infinitely better fitted to represent his fellow-citizens at the Capitol than are nine-tenths of the men now sent to Legislatures and Congress. One educated, skilled, and able mechanic is worth more to his country than a hundred half-educated lawyers, physicians or other professional men."

The Providence *Journal* observes that "the petition for the coinage of a half-cent piece, which is being prepared for presentation to the next Congress, may not be supported by any urgent necessity, but it cannot be denied that the request has some elements of reason. It may be said, of course, that we have tried this thing once and gave it up, and it is quite true that the old half-cent, begun to be coined in 1792, was discontinued in 1857 without any remonstrance from the people. But though the people apparently consented to its discontinuance, they have gone on persistently recognizing in trade the half-cent value, and it may well be argued that values which play a considerable part in business dealings ought to be represented in a combination of coins. A half-cent would certainly be a great convenience in many kinds of business, and it might do something toward promoting the exercise of economy. Indeed the tendency of narrowing profits, which is everywhere easily traceable, must mean the more general use of the smaller fractional coins; and it would not be surprising if the half-cent should before long come into common demand for the same reasons that have brought the one and two-cent pieces into use in sections of the country where until very recently they were practically unknown."

Some interesting statements regarding the extension of the area of cultivated land in the United States are presented in a recent report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, says *Bradstreet's*. It appears that the area under the four principal arable crops—corn, wheat, oats and cotton—increased from 128,000,000 acres in 1879 to 159,000,000 acres in 1885. This represents an expansion in nine years of the area under these crops of 31,000,000 acres, or an extent of land more than equaling the entire area of the three northern New England States. The increase in the area under corn, oats and cotton is greater than the total area of the State of Ohio. This striking result leads the statistician to make the further calculation that if the increase in all tilled and grass land has been in the same proportion as that in the four crops mentioned, we have now a total area of improved lands in farms of 356,000,000 acres, as compared with 285,000,000 acres in 1878, or an increase almost equal to the total surface area of New England, New York and New Jersey, equaling the entire area of improved land in 1880 to the eleven cotton States, with the addition of Delaware and Maryland. The figures of the coming census dealing with the agricultural area should present some interesting comparisons with those of the last census year.

THE WIND ACROSS THE WHEAT.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash, or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the rain drops upon the roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine trees on yonder mountain hight;
And I tell you, these are tender, yet never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves, to fill the creaking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest, and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storms went by!

Oh! have you lifted up your heart, to Him who loves us all,
And listen, through the angel-songs, if but a sparrow fall.
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?

It hath its dulcet echoes, from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled baby is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its heaven-promise, as sure as heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share
The Maker's never ceasing watch, the Father' deathless care,
That atom is as dear to Him as my dear child to me;
He cannot lose me from my place through all eternity;
You wonder, when it sings me this, there's nothing half so sweet,
Beneath the circling planets as the wind across the wheat?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE FAITHLESS SERVANT.

A STORY OF THE SEPOY REBELLION.

I had been in India ten months when the first meeting among native troops occurred. The English have been harshly criticised that the civil and military officials in the several provinces were not better posted, and that more vigorous measures were not taken at the outset to crush the rebellion. No European, no matter what his position or how keen he was, could have foretold the widespread mutiny, and in most instances the native troops so greatly outnumbered the European that the military authorities were powerless to quell mutiny. Long enough before the first mutiny occurred everybody knew that the country was restless, and that incendiary addresses were being made and rebellious documents circulated, but the natives played their parts so well as to deceive military men born and reared with them.

Soon after my arrival at Seetapore, in the territory of Gwalior, the signs of an outbreak became so menacing that I made preparations to depart, but was induced to remain by the representations of the British officers. They declared their utmost faith in the native soldiery, and to this was added the protestations of the body servant who had been with me for half a year. He was an intelligent, well-educated Sepoy, who had traveled extensively with Europeans, and who was well posted in the manners and customs of the natives. He solemnly assured me that the outbreaks at Delhi, Agra, Nusseerabad and other places were owing entirely to local causes. As I afterward came to know, this fellow, while telling me this, was not only acting as a spy for the malcontents, but had carefully appraised my personal property and made his calculations to kill me and take possession.

There were over 3000 native soldiery in camp at Seetapore, and nothing in their conduct up to the first of June gave rise to the slightest suspicion that an outbreak was intended. On the morning of the 2d revolt was ripe. The commandant was informed that the entire body of native soldiery had determined to throw off the yoke and join the rebellion, but that all Europeans would have an opportunity to leave the place in safety. Lucknow was only fifty miles away, and all could reach the place. Strangely enough, this warning was ridiculed by the military, although discipline in the cantonment was at an end, and one-third of the native soldiery were intoxicated. I saw this as I rode out to the camps from the town, and although assured that there was not the slightest cause to run away, I returned to the house of my cousin, who was in the civil service, and at once made preparations to leave. My servant used his utmost efforts to prevent my going, but when I found that two-thirds of the citizens were also making preparations to leave, I determined to take the safe side.

When I set out from Seetapore on the highway for Lucknow it was in a carriage, in which were my cousin, his wife, another civil official named Roberts and his wife, and a young man named Chester, who was a clerk in Roberts's employ. The driver was a native who had been in the service of my cousin for fifteen years. We had our rifles and pistols and plenty of ammunition, and all the small valuables about the house were packed in the carriage. Two miles out we overtook a similiar outfit, which contained three civil officials, two of whom were married men and had their wives and children along. As all were acquainted it was agreed to travel together, and the journey during the afternoon was entirely safe and pleasant. We passed many natives, all headed for Seetapore, most of whom saluted us courteously, and an hour before sundown, when we had made seventeen miles and drew up a Government bungalow to refresh ourselves, we felt rather cheap at having run away so soon. There were no other travelers at the bungalow, and after resting for an hour we were discussing the idea of a return to Seetapore, when a native woman, whose presence none of us had detected, showed herself to my cousin's wife. She proved to be a woman who had been in the lady's employ for several years, and had left her to get married, and now lived near the bungalow. She stated that the soldiery at Seetapore would rebel on the morrow and sack the town and slaughter all Europeans, and that a body of natives over a hundred strong had that afternoon rendezvoused within half a mile of the bungalow and then proceeded to a point three miles down the road, where they proposed to stop and slaughter all Ferringhees seeking to escape to Lucknow. They had reached the spot selected by this time, and our escape by the highway was thus cut off.

This native woman refused to see any of the men of the party or to speak with any of the other ladies besides my cousin's wife, and was gone before we knew of her warning. No one doubted her information and for some time we were unable to decide on a plan of action. It was finally decided to drive about two miles, and there make a cross-road known to exist, and thus flank the force gathered for our destruction. It was dark when we left the bungalow, and we reached the cross road without adventure. After passing up this road for a mile or two we began to look for an opportunity to head to the east again, but we drove three miles before we found it. Then it was a blind road leading through a heavy jungle and over very rough ground. Had it not been a bright moonlight night we could not have traveled ten rods upon this route. With everything in our favor we made but slow progress, and, after following the road for about two miles, we found that it ended at an old quarry, and beyond this was a jungle that one could scarcely penetrate on foot. Everybody at once realized that we were in a fix. It was now midnight and to return to the highway was to place ourselves at the mercy of the first band of marauders astir. We could not go ahead, and how were we to remain in that desolate spot?

As the Indian wars of America have furnished unnumbered instances of the heroism of American women, so did that outbreak in India prove to the world the courage of hundreds of English females of all ages, from grandmothers to maidens. As we stood beside the carriages in that lonely spot consulting as to what should be done, not a woman spoke a word to show cowardice or despair. It was by the advice of Mrs. Roberts that the horses were detached from the vehicles, and we sat down to patiently wait until daybreak should more clearly reveal our situation. Twice during that wait a tiger came prowling about us, and just before daylight a great hyena would have dashed at one of the horses had not a pistol shot frightened him off.

Daylight bettered our situation somewhat. While it at once put an end to the hope that we could proceed further with the carriages, it revealed to us a half completed temple, thus far erected out of huge blocks of stone, and showed us that fresh water and plenty of wild fruits were at hand. The temple walls had been run up about ten feet, enclosing a square of a quarter of an acre. There was only one opening thus far, which was for the main entrance. At the further end was a dividing wall, making an enclosure about fifty feet across by twenty the other way. This enclosure also had an opening, and as soon as we had made a hasty inspection of the place, we got the horses and carriages into the main enclosure, and set apart the smaller one for the people. The walls of this part were fifteen feet high, rising plumb from the earth, and could not be scaled without ladders, while there were seven of us with rifles to guard the archway, which was not much larger than a common door.

While we were not sure that the driver could be trusted, he was sent back to the main road to cover our trail if possible, and to lie in hiding and pick up such information as he might. He had no sooner departed than we watered the horses, hid them away in the jungle to forage, got water for the people and then made a scant breakfast on some sandwiches which one of the ladies had been thoughtful enough to bring along. There were plenty of wild gourds around the old ruin, and in an hour we had ten gallons of water stowed away for emergency. It was the season for many wild fruits and roots, and before noon our commissary department would have stood a siege of four or five days. There were three children in the party, the oldest only eight and the youngest four, but not one of them uttered a complaint. Even the youngest seemed to realize the situation and to have determined not to add to the anxiety of it in the slightest. Long enough before noon we heard the firing of guns from the spot where the Lucknow highway had been barricaded, and, as was afterward known to me alone, over 100 fugitives were slaughtered at that point that day.

The driver reappeared about 2 o'clock. He had reached the road and effaced the wheel and hoof marks just in time. A party on horseback, led by my body servant, was out looking for us, and they did not discover that we had left the road. From their talk our man learned that the native soldiery were to revolt that morning, and that the town of Seetapore was to be given up to plunder. The whole country was up in arms against British rule, and the anticipated rebellion was at last a fact. We were in a thinly settled district, as he learned, and might remain undiscovered for several days if we kept quiet. The man's loyalty could no longer be questioned, and he was taken into our confidence and his advice asked for. He advised us to remain where we were until obliged to move on, and all agreed that this was the wisest policy. We felt that our greatest danger lay toward the highway from which we had turned off, and that evening, after a day of undisturbed peace, I accompanied the driver back to the point from which he had made his observations in the morning. Natives were passing in great numbers, some going toward Seetapore and some the other way. We soon heard enough to prove that the expected revolt had taken place, and we heard men boasting of the bloody deeds they had performed. The cantonment had been burned, most of the town laid in ashes, and every European who had remained had been hacked to pieces. The native soldiery were now scattering in detached bodies, each on its own account to rob, murder, and join hands with some organized force to push the rebellion.

We were awake the whole night long, and our place of concealment was in a thicket along the edge of the road. About midnight a party coming from the east met one from the west just opposite us, and in a minute or two I recognized the voice of my body servant. He had been down the road to the east looking for me, having eight or ten villains with him, and, having failed in his search, was now asking for information. None of the other party could enlighten him, and as he rode away I heard him saying something about searching the thickets for our party. We returned to the temple at daybreak to find that the people had passed a quiet night. The horses were cared for, a breakfast made on fruits and roots, and after having slept for three hours I took the driver and set out for the south to see if we could not find a way through the jungle to permit us to reach the Lucknow road. After skirting the thickets for half a mile we found an opening. At this juncture the driver claimed to be very sick, and his demeanor and appearance bore out his statements. He had violent pains, as if taken with colic; but after an hour he felt able to return to the temple, leaving me to follow the route until I could see if we would be able to reach the road. After an hour's walk I found that we could, and in great good spirits I set out on my return.

It was a very sultry day, with no air stirring, and I had to travel slowly. It was fully three hours after I left the temple before I approached it on my return. Everything was quiet, but the moment I entered the main enclosure I noticed that the vehicles were gone. In the centre of the enclosure lay the body of the driver, his head cut clean off his body, but neither in that nor the smaller enclosure could I find any of the others of the party, living or dead. They had, it seemed, been surprised, made prisoners, and carried off in the vehicles. No sooner was I satisfied of this than I dashed away for the jungle, and set out in the direction of Lucknow. That night I fell in with a party headed for the same haven, and we reached it in safety next day, to be penned up there and take a hand in the siege later on.

It was not until British rule was firmly restored that I returned to Seetapore. Almost the first familiar face my eyes beheld was that of my treacherous servant, who had let go of the native cause just at the right time to ingratiate himself with the conquerors, and had been put in a position of trust. I, however, caused his speedy arrest and trial, and only then did it come out that every soul hiding in that ruin had been taken to a spot about a mile away and butchered in cold blood. Ten of the forty or fifty natives implicated were captured, and these were hung on the same gallows at one time. In defending his case in court the servant said to the judge:

"Most Worshipful Sahib, but for this one [meaning me] all would have been spared. Had he not run away, we should have killed him alone and simply robbed the others. You should therefore punish him and let me go free."—*New York Sun.*

History of Footwear.

Who would suppose that the common use of shoes and all kinds of foot coverings was of a much later date than the carrying of scent bottles? No one, I am sure; and yet the people of certain European countries, long after they had learned to clothe their bodies in an elaborate and costly fashion, were in the habit of "going barefooted." This was the custom even so late as the sixteenth century, and in the fourteenth warriors equipped in full armor rode about without any covering on either feet or legs below the knees. This would seem still more strange than it does did one not recollect that even in this enlightened day the Scots, who would scorn any suggestion of barbarism, still cling to their national dress, which leaves knees wholly uncovered, despite the cold climate. The earliest records bear witness, however, that Moses and Aaron were commanded to take the shoes from off their feet before entering the temple, and in Egypt at that time the rich and great wore sandals encrusted with precious stones, of which the soles were made of gold. On the bottom was engraved the named of such people as had been conquered by the owners, if they happened to be of the conquering sex. Sandals with points elongated and turned up were the exclusive property of royalty.

Some of the early Asiatic nations covered their feet with the skins of animals in a fashion closely resembling that of to-day. Pliny describes the house sandals of the Greek and Roman women as woven of threads of precious metal, thickly strung with pearls. But those worn out of doors were invariably made of undressed leather, slit in places, through which a thong of leather passed and fastened the sandal to the foot. These were introduced into England, where, as early as the ninth century, well shaped, tight-fitting black leather shoes were made. Since then, of course, the fashion and style of boots and shoes has changed, as is true of every other article of apparel, but the general use of black leather has prevailed over every other thing.—*Chicago Herald.*

Soldiers Singing Under Fire.

As an example of the spirit which animates the German army, Prince Kraft Hohenlohe tells a fine story. At the battle of Chatesudun a battery found itself without ammunition under a heavy fire. What was to be done? The officer commanding ordered the gunners to take their places on the limbers and sing the "Wacht am Rhein," "in order," a Prince Kraft says, "that they might pass the time agreeably while waiting for fresh cartridges."—*Chicago Herald.*

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Behave or Shave—Two Destinies—A Good Reason—A Sure Proof—An Evidence of Greatness, Etc., Etc.

They sat within the parlor dim,
And fretfully she said to him:
"I wish, dear John, that you'd behave,
If not, I wish that you would shave."
—*Boston Courier.*

TWO DESTINIES.

Rejected Suitor—"Alas! what worse fate than to be fired with love?"

Ejected Suitor (sadly)—"Fired without love!"—*Bazar.*

A GOOD REASON.

Teacher—"Why didn't you ask your father how this sum was done?"

Little Johnnie—"'Cause I didn't want to be sent to bed."

A SURE PROOF.

Little Johnnie—"Say, dad, didn't your father let you have your own way when you were a small boy?"

Brown—"No, my son, or else I wouldn't be here now."—*New York Sun.*

AN EVIDENCE OF GREATNESS.

Visitor (to host)—"You seem to be a prominent citizen here; everybody turns around to look at you."

Great Man (proudly)—"Yes. There ain't a man in this town that I don't owe."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Did you know that McLysander had become a resurrectionist?"

"What for, some medical college?"

"No; he is compiling jokes for an almanac."—*Men's Outfitter.*

MUST HAVE BEEN FALSE.

Little Roger—"Uncle John, I heard papa say you got pretty well soaked last night. Did it rain very hard?"

Uncle John (with a sickly smile)—"I don't exactly remember, Roger; I know I was dry enough early in the evening."

AMBIGUOUS.

"Doctor, how do you find your patient to-day?"

"Oh! Mr. Jones, he is no worse."

"Do you anticipate a fatal result?"

"Fatal result! Well, medicine never failed to do its work yet."—*Boston Courier.*

AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

Fannie—"Father, Mr. Bond proposed to me last night."

Father—"What is his business?"

Fannie—"He's a broker."

Father—"What kind of a broker?"

Bobby—"He's a dead broker."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

WASN'T SURE ABOUT HIM.

Teacher—"Miss Daisy, conjugate the verb 'to love.'"

Miss Daisy—"I love, you love—"

Teacher—"Go on, why do you hesitate?"

Miss Daisy—"Because I'm not sure that he does love me."—*Lawrence American.*

DEEP.

"Smith is a mighty deep man," remarked a traveler.

"Especially about his pockets."

"About his pockets!"

"Yes; they're so deep that when there's any money to be spent he can't find the bottom of them."—*Merchant Traveler.*

IMITATIVE CHILDREN.

Johnny—"Pa, lend me your cane?"

Pa—"What do you want to do with it?"

"Fanny and me want to play as if we was married."

"No, Johnny, you must not hit your sister with the cane. You might hurt her."—*Texas Siftings.*

LIKED ANYTHING THAT POPPED.

"What do you like best," said Mr. Diffy Dent to his girl, as they stood together at the soda counter.

"Oh, I like ginger ale!" she answered; "and champagne. Anything that—that—that——"

She didn't finish, but she blushed; and Diffy popped that night.

THE OLD MAN GAVE IN.

Omaha Miss—"Oh, George I believe papa is going to relent and permit you to call on me at the house."

George—"What inspires the blessed hope."

Omaha Miss—"Why, he brought a dog chain home with him to-night and he isn't going to chain up the dog for nothing."

ON THE HORSE CAR.

"Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman, who stood at his side.

"No, sir, I do not. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row of sitting males, "I seem to belong to the standing army."

She got a seat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A SUDDEN RISE.

"How much is cannel coal, Mr. Littleton?"

"I think it's eighteen dollars. Just wait a minute." He goes over to the bookkeeper.

"Has Elkins paid his bill yet?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, Mr. Elkins, I find cannel coal has gone up to twenty-four dollars."—*Bazar.*

A MODERN INSTANCE.

"Madam, are you a woman suffragist?"

"No, sir, I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."—*Lincoln Journal.*

A PIECE OF STRATEGY.

Young Lady (approaching a seat in the park on which three young gentlemen are reclining)—"Could you sit a little closer?"

Gentlemen (simultaneously)—"With the greatest pleasure."

Young Lady (turning to an elderly companion)—"So, Aunt Lina, come; the gentlemen have made room for you! When I have had my music lesson I will come back here to fetch you. Good by for the present."

COMING BACK.

Mrs. Inexperience—"Excuse me, sir, but you said if I would give you a good breakfast you would cut up a lot of wood, and now you are going away just as soon as you have finished eating."

Gentlemany Tramp—"Yes, mum; I'm coming back to cut the wood day after tomorrer. All the doctors, you know, says it's very unhealthy to exercise violently after eatin' a hearty meal."—*Somerville Journal.*

NEARLY A QUARREL.

"Excelsior is my motto," said the rocket.

"Oh, come off, said the punk."

"You're no match for me," retorted the sky-scraper.

"Well, if I were to light on you, where would you be?" queried the punk.

"Ah, but you don't light on me. I light on you," insinuated the rocket, with a shrug of his shoulders. And the fireworks nearly exploded with mirth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TIME TO QUIT.

The Rev. Mr. Perkins being called upon suddenly to address a Sunday-school, thought he would get a few original ideas from his young hearers.

"Children," said he, "I want some of you to tell me what I shall talk to you about to-night. What shall I say?" At first there was no response. "That bright little fellow over there," said he, pointing to a youngster sitting in one of the back seats, "What shall I say to you to-night?"

In a little piping voice came the answer: "Say amen and sit down."—*Business Woman's Journal.*

A HOME THRUST.

The late Peleg W. Chandler, who was hard of hearing, was one of the most effective of war time speakers. Every occasion illustrated his eloquence, and one demonstrated the quickness of his repartee. At one meeting he was frequently interrupted by a blackguard at the rear of the hall, who kept shouting: "Why don't you go yourself?"

For a time Mr. Chandler's deafness prevented him from catching the exact nature of the interruption of which he had been some time conscious. At last, however, he caught the words of the disturber. Then, in the mildest accents, which emphasized the force of the words, he said:

"Young man, if my ears were as good as yours, and as long as yours, I shouldn't be here to-night."—*Boston Transcript.*

NYE'S JOKE ON HIS HOST.

Henry Guy Carlton, who is an epicure as well as an author, gave a dinner to Bill Nye, in which the leading dish was a large pompano, brought by rail from New Orleans. Through some mistake the ice gave out on the journey and the fish arrived in New York in very bad condition. The cook was a stranger to the Southern delicacy, and imagining that it was a game fish in both senses, cooked and served it. Each guest took one bite and became horribly silent. Carlton, who had not tasted it, asked the company:

"How do you think that was brought on here?" intending probably to explain the refrigerator service between the gulf and the metropolis.

Nye looked up very solemnly and answered: "I think you brought it in on a hearse!"—*Utica Observer.*

Porterhouse Steak Lore.

Porterhouse steak has an American, and not, as many people surmise, an English origin. There was in New York city, in 1814, a porter house, where lunch as well as liquors was served. A hungry pilot entered the door and asked for a beefsteak. Perchance the proprietor had only in his larder at that hour, in the way of beef, a sirloin roasting beef for the family dinner, so he cut off a portion of this roast and had it served to the customer. Instead of expressing any dissatisfaction, the pilot, after devouring it, cried out, "Messmate, another steak just like that!" with the request that in future all his steaks should be cut from a roasting piece. The pilot also told his companions of his feast, and so many were the demands made for similar steaks that the landlord ordered his butcher to cut his sirloin roasts into steaks, and this meat was hereafter designated by the butcher and his assistants as "the porterhouse steaks." The name thus given by the famished seaman was the commencement of the term established all over this country for a certain cut of beef.—*Chicago News.*

One Bill From Many.

A clever scheme long since practiced in this country has been recently introduced in Austria. Bank notes of large denominations are cut into small strips, and from each note one strip is taken in consecutive order. These are then fastened together again, with the result that an additional note is thus secured, while all are only a trifle smaller than the original. A large number of the shortened bills are said to be in circulation.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Escaping a Creditor by Balloon.

A novel method of escaping from one's creditors was recently practiced near Schonbrunn, in Austria. A man who was heavily in debt and knew that he could not escape from the country by ordinary methods constructed a balloon, and with his wife embarked on board and were safely wafted across the frontier, where their Austrian creditors could not reach them.